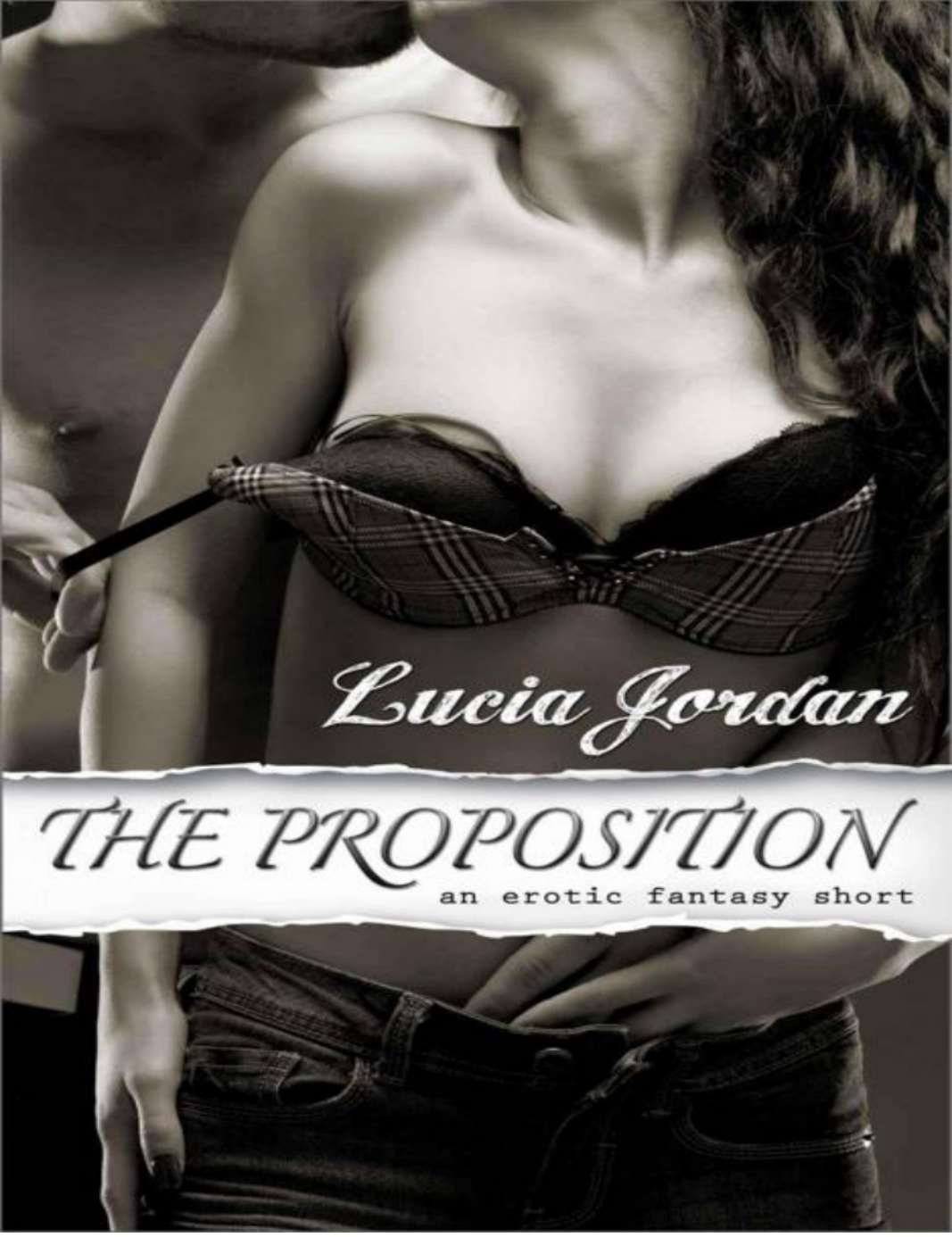
Lucia Jordan
THE PROPOSITION
an erotic fantasy short

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Chapter One

Megan knew there was something different about him the moment they were introduced.

No, it wasn't just his blinding good looks. It wasn't even his money or the obviously expensive clothes he wore. It was more about the power he exuded; the sensation that he was some lethal beast barely holding himself back from seizing his suspected prey.

Oh fuck he's hot, she thought, as she shook hands with Heath Mayer. She'd heard about their chief exec being quite the hunk, but did anyone have the right to be so freaking sexy? He just had to breathe and he was any girl's hottest fantasy.

Above six feet tall, wide shoulders, narrow waist – all round solid, hard. He had the kind of arresting face you'd see on any of those high fashion men's magazines. Brooding good looks with the chiseled jaw and smoky eyes. His were a piercing grey, with hair so dark it seemed to have blue streaks in them. He had on a three piece suit that fit him perfectly, and gave the impression that his clothes cost more than Megan earned in a year.

"This is Miss Kerry," her superior, the VP of sales and marketing, was saying as he introduced her to the owner and CEO of the company. She shook hands with the hunky Heath Mayer, and it was all Megan could do to focus on anything or anyone else but the specimen of utter male beauty standing before her. Her normally well collected, sensible brain almost shut down as she blinked beneath his arresting grey stare.

"Ah, this is the talented market strategist we have on our team," Heath Mayer said, finally releasing her hand. It was only then that Megan remembered to breathe again. Whoa, his touch had sent an electric charge up her arm – making her feel more alive than she had in a long time. His photos simply had never done him justice, she thought firmly to herself. She

remembered catching glimpses of his picture in society magazines, newspapers and even once she'd seen him on TV. But nothing had prepared her for meeting her boss face to face.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayer; I'm honored you invited me to head office to plan the new sales structure for the company," she said politely in reply at last.

"Lionel already told me you're the best we have – probably the best in the city," Heath drawled as he indicated a seat in the spacious, ultra- modern office. "I hope we're paying you enough to ensure we don't get you nicked away by the competition."

"I doubt anyone could offer me enough to make me want to leave my job at Mayer Consulting. I love working for you, sir."

Megan almost wanted to bite her lip at her gushing words. But then he suddenly smiled, and it was like the whole world was just blinding light for a second.

"I'm glad to be able to impact my employee to such level of loyalty. Well, why don't we sit down and the meeting can get under way?"

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The meeting was a very brief one. After all, Heath Mayer was a multi-millionaire financial whiz with the world at his feet, clamoring for his attention. His secretary had managed to hold all calls but it was obvious he had little time for the brief pep talk he'd called them in for.

"Look, I already like what you guys in sales are doing for the company. Whatever it is, it's working. I just felt like there were a few tweaks I'd like us to overview. So tell you what," he said casually, rising to his feet. Both Megan and her boss Lionel also hurried to stand as Heath Mayer buttoned up his suit, "Why don't we fix some kind of business lunch, Miss Kerry, where you can run things by me one more time? After all, the whole plan is your baby, so I'd like you to make the presentation to me as soon as possible. How about Thursday? I have a free lunch hour then."

Megan barely had time to piece her fuddled thoughts together. Lunch, Thursday, with Heath Mayer, her boss – her overall boss. Even Lionel looked a bit surprised but then, he was probably thinking the same thing Megan was thinking. These rich folks couldn't be questioned. Things were done their way or you hit the highway.

"Thursday would be perfect, sir," she said, trying not to fumble over the words.

“Great. Well guys, if you’ll excuse me, I have a flight to Melbourne in half an hour. I’ll see you Thursday, Miss Kerry. My chauffeur will pick you from your office to the venue of our lunch.”

Chapter Two

None of Megan's friends at work could understand why she was so calm about her upcoming lunch meet with their owner and CEO, Heath Mayer.

"I just thought it was pretty weird," Megan said with an off-hand shrug as they had lunch in the pizza restaurant just a stone's throw from their office building. "But then, it made perfect sense. I designed the main marketing plan, so I'd be the one to present it to him. And he decided he'd use a business lunch to do it."

"You're right; it's just an ordinary formal lunch meeting. Nothing underhand about that," Lisa, from accounting, agreed. She bit hard on a piece of carrot from her salad and then began to chew with equal force. "But still, I'd give anything to trade places with you right now. Do you know how in demand our sexy CEO is?"

"So, he was named most eligible bachelor in the city like for three years running," Megan said with that same casual air. "I get it. I mean, I was within three feet of the guy and I definitely felt like I would gladly lick cream off his face, but…"

Her two co-workers chuckled, and Megan's eyes were finally gleaming with humor as she admitted, "But his type has "off limits" and "out of reach" plastered all over him in invisible ink. What hope would I have with a guy like him?"

"Zilch," Lisa said with a sage nod, and Megan let out a sound of protest.

Her other friend, Ursula, said quickly, "Don't mind Lisa, she's just jealous. We've worked for the company for five years and never caught a glimpse of our hunky owner. And yet here you are, barely two years at the place, and already you've caught his attention. Something tells me there's more to it than meets the eye."

Lisa was shaking her head at Ursula. “Why are you doing this to the girl? Giving her false hope? He’s a very busy guy who takes every detail of his company seriously. He simply wants a chance to hear Megan out but his only opportunity in the near future is lunch on Thursday. Which, by the way, is tomorrow,” she added smoothly, making a sharp turn to face Megan. “Now girl, what are you going to wear? Hope you’ve got a sexy little skirt suit lined up for your one hour with Mr. Candy on Legs.”

Now it was Megan’s turn to shake her head and laugh right along with them.

She felt so twisted up. She knew it was probably just wishful thinking, but she could have sworn she saw something in Mr. Mayer’s eyes when he’d shaken her hand – and when he’d suggested the lunch appointment. But wasn’t she being foolish for nursing any silly crush for her gorgeous boss? She’d only be letting herself up for embarrassment, not to talk of heartache, is she didn’t smarten up soon…

Chapter Three

Was it even possible for him to look even hotter than the first time they'd met? Megan's heart fell into the pit of her belly as she faced Heath Mayer once again.

It was the afternoon of their lunch meeting, and she'd arrived with what she hoped was a professional and confident exterior

"Nice to see you, Miss Kerry," he said in that chocolate-melting voice of his. She placed her hand in his and for a moment, she had that tingling sensation that he didn't want to let go.

Nice to see you, handsome, she would have said, but instead made an appropriate reply before sinking into the chair opposite him at the table. It was a very intimate restaurant, obviously expensive, within a very prestigious five-star hotel. He at once proceeded with ordering, and Megan chose something light. She was sure she'd be too nervous to eat.

"The presentation, Mr. Mayer…"

"Can wait one more minute," he said, sitting back as his fingers tapped the side of his wine glass. She lifted wide eyes to his face, her breath catching at the studious expression there. Why was he looking at her like he was undressing her with his eyes? Was she imagining the sudden air of awareness swirling around them and making it seem like all the oxygen was sucked out from the room?

"You intrigue me, Miss Kerry. How old are you, twenty two, twenty three?"

"I'm twenty five, actually, sir," she said, taking a hasty gulp of her wine and almost spilling it on herself, her hands far from steady.

He nodded thoughtfully. "I was looking through your file the other day,

and I was thinking how much progress you've made since you joined my firm. All the ideas and structures you've spearheaded have in one way or another, placed the company one foot ahead. You remind me a lot about myself when I was your age."

Megan found herself chuckling softly at that. "You make yourself sound so ancient, Mr. Mayer. You can't be much older than me, surely."

"I'm twenty nine. But I'm serious; it took me just a few years to make my mark in my own field. And you, Miss Kerry, are making quite a mark of your own. And by the way…I like the way you laugh. You should do it more often."

Megan blinked, and then said, "Thank you sir," even as her heart began to pound alarmingly again. But the waiter appeared with their first course so she had a few moments of respite to collect herself after his unexpected compliments – all of them.

As they ate, she gave him an insight to her plans for the marketing growth of the company. She could tell he liked what he heard, and her heart lifted when he made some approving c(omment or the other on one or two of her points.

"Once again, you've impressed me, Miss Kerry," he said lightly. They'd just had the table cleared and he was drinking some more wine. Following suit, Megan took several swallows from her glass and fought off the heady feeling overtaking her. She was normally lightweight with alcohol and she knew she should be taking it easy, but around Heath Mayer, she needed as much fortification as she could get. Just sitting so close to him, having to endure his skin-tingling gaze was bringing a twitching to her hidden places.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayer," she croaked out. She tried to meet his eyes but daren't. It was hard to look straight at him and not wish herself in bed with him right there, right then. That somehow, with a snap of her fingers, the restaurant would disappear and they'd be in some exotic location, having steamy, filthy sex for hours.

"What if I told you I'm considering giving you a promotion – moving you up to head office to head the team there?" he said calmly, and Megan's eyes darted as she let his words sink in.

"I'd say…wow, sir. That's a big career leap," she said with reined-in enthusiasm. It wouldn't do to jump on the table and do a jig, not just yet.

"But you've got the guts and the talent to hold your own, don't you, Miss Kerry? There's much of a can-do element about you; I can tell these things."

“I don’t know what to say, sir.”

He smiled at her faltering state. “You should say, “that’s a wonderful opportunity sir, I’ll take it.””

“That’s...a wonderful opportunity sir, I’ll take it,” she echoed stupidly, her cheeks reddening. But his smile deepened, his eyes grew warmer.

“I like you, Miss Kerry. You seem like type to obey orders well. And if it’s one thing I find vital, it’s someone who’s good at not defying me.”

“Funny, I thought you’d like a bit of challenge once in a while,” she murmured, amazed at her audacity.

He tilted his head slightly to the side. “Oh, I do. But in some things, a man like me would require complete submission from a woman.”

Once again, Megan’s eyes darted and she wondered breathlessly if they were still talking about work.

“Megan.”

Her name on his lips made her head whip up as she looked straight at him. Why did the whole scenery seem to narrow down into just him and her, shutting the rest of the world out in a nanosecond? Why did she suddenly feel like she was treading on dangerous ground?

“I’m going to suggest something very inappropriate, but very imperative. I may be reading the signals all wrong, and I could just be acting my usual cocky self…In any case, I have a standing suite here at the hotel. I’ll like you to join me for a drink – among other things.”

For like ten seconds, Megan couldn’t get her mind to function. His lips lifted in a smile. “I know what you’re thinking,” he drawled. “The boss offers you a promotion, and now he expects you to sleep with him. I’ll admit here and now, that I knew I wanted you the minute we met. But trust me; even I know I wouldn’t need to dangle the prospect of a promotion in front of your face to get you to sleep with me.”

Megan swallowed tightly, and then said, ““Well, like countless women out there, I’m very aware of your charms Mr. Mayer. And I’m sure your powers of seduction are more practiced than I could ever imagine.”

He grinned wolfishly. “Is that what you want? Should I spend weeks trying to get you into my bed? Pursue you with stealth and cunning, till you’ll find yourself tumbling helplessly into my clutches? I wish I had that patience – or self control. But I’m much too used to getting what I want, when I want. I

don't like to wait Megan."

Megan's head was spinning even as her whole body suffused with heat. She was still shaking her head in disbelief. "But I never…it just didn't occur to me that…"

"Liar," he said smoothly, pushing his half-full glass to the side before he began tapping his fingers on the table. She couldn't help staring down at his hands; nicely shapely, very neatly trimmed, sexy, with dark hairs dusting upwards to curl around his watch and sleeve. She went moist just looking at that hand.

Pathetic, she thought with self-irritation.

"You knew, deep down, beneath your subconscious. There's that something. You just couldn't tell yourself it could be possible. But you have a mirror, don't you, Miss Kerry?" he half-teased. "You know exactly the effect you have on men. On me."

All this was news to Megan. Apart from the fact that yes, she'd suspected a certain "chemistry" between her and her handsome boss, she'd never for a second imagined that she was the bombshell he was painting her to be.

Sure, she looked in a mirror – very often, every day. She knew she had nice enough looks. She had enough admirers after her but not that she felt it was due to her own insurmountable charms. In fact, she used to tell herself she never really liked her figure; much too heavy on top, and a bit too much junk in the trunk i.e. her ass. She was happy with her hair though: curly, copper, and trailing down her back. Her eyes weren't bad either: a vivid green. And her heart-shaped face didn't make babies cry. But still…

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"I'm going to make this pretty easy for you, Miss Kerry," he drawled, breaking into her confused thoughts. "I'll go up to the suite. Then, I'll give you fifteen minutes to join me. If I don't see you in that time, I'd know you weren't interested. You can leave, assured with the knowledge that no matter your decision, I fully intend to carry through with my promotion offer. That will still stand."

Megan didn't – couldn't speak, and could only sit there in a daze as he added, "But one other thing; I will not proposition you again – ever. You choose to walk away, and then it'll be the last time I ask this of you. I guarantee that."

Still too bemused to reply, she saw him rise to his feet. He placed something that looked like a keycard on the table. "This will let you into the

suite. If you choose to leave then you can drop it off at reception. Fifteen minutes, Megan," he said softly, and her eyes met his hooded gaze for a moment before he strode away with casual grace.

Once alone, she shoved her fingers into her hair, thinking what the hell. Heath Mayer had just clinically asked her to join him up in some suite for a fuck.

She had no doubt in her mind that was what he wanted. What else could it be?

Megan spent the next five minutes just weighing her options. The one thing that stuck most in her mind was, this wasn't a game. And she had a choice. She would leave and there would be no repercussion.

Only, perhaps, regrets.

I want the cocky bastard, she realized instantly. He's sexy as hell and I'd fuck him in a heartbeat. Just like that first time she met him, she knew it went beyond his looks, his money or the corporate power he wielded. Like some lucky men in the world, he was the type who'd get even the most beautiful women into his bed whether he was loaded or not. He had sex appeal and some other indefinable essences mixed in which made it impossible for any woman to say no to him sexually.

But would she do it? Would she be so crazy to fall into Heath Mayer's net?

He'd made it clear that if she declined, then it would be her one and last opportunity. She'd never get another chance because he'd never ask her again – ever.

He certainly had unorthodox ways of stating his intentions. He obviously wasn't one for flowery wooing. What he wanted, he took – or demanded for.

And now he was demanding her body. With no strings attached, apparently. Could she trust him to mean it when he said it wouldn't matter what choice she made; the promotion was still hers?

Only one way to find out…

Chapter Four

Megan was inside the door, backing into it and hearing the lock click shut behind her with a heart-thudding finality.

She was looking straight at him, standing there by the window. It was impossible to read his expression; there was no hint of triumph or even approval. Just a hungry, dark glint in his eye that was getting even darker by the second.

Hardly breathing, she lifted her hands mid-air in a shrug. “I’m not sure what to do next,” she said with a slight smile. “This has never happened to me before.”

“Not to me, either,” he said, and when he saw her expression, he added, “Trust me Megan, this is the first time I’ve had to act this way. I’ve never met a woman that would make me forget every principle or my sense of decorum. You’re the first who has made me want her so bad I could fuck her where she stood.”

He chuckled briefly at the blush which stole off her cheeks. “That first day we met…it was all I could do not to throw you over my shoulder and carry you off to Melbourne with me. I’d have fucked you all through the trip. But today…there’s hardly the time. You’ll be expected back at the office – and I need to be somewhere in an hour or so. So we’ll have to make this quick, regrettably. Now, come here.”

Megan couldn’t move. It was like she was rooted to the floor. His smile was warm. “You’ll have to come to me, Megan. Because if I make the first move, I may be tempted to rip your clothes off. I’m trying to not act the caveman – not more than I already have, anyway.”

How could he have a sense of humor at a time like this, she wondered in surprise.

But then her feet were moving. Soon she was standing right in front of him. The air in the plush hotel suite was virtually crackling with electricity.

He stood there, still as a statue. Her eyes were in line with the knot of his dark grey tie, and for a moment, her gaze was fastened to the strong line of his throat. She felt a strange pulsating in her core that she'd never felt before. It was like there was some invisible magic wand on vibrate within her folds, making her so wet she could feel the dampness spreading in between her legs.

"I want you to kiss me," he told her thickly, eyes boring compelling down into hers.

Her own desire for him made her bold. She could do this, she told herself. She could simply reach up on her toes, wrap her arms around his neck, and kiss him. So she did it.

They kissed. That first touch of lips was electric. The charged volt shook right through her and made her gasp. She dipped her tongue moistly into his mouth, and heard him growl before his own arms went about her waist and crushed her to him.

The taste of him was all heat and spice. He shot into her mouth with his tongue and she sucked on it hungrily, reveling in her sensuality as she heard him groan deep in his throat. Her lips parted wide, opening for him, submitting. She gave everything he demanded from her with his lips and rampaging tongue.

There was a ragged edge to his breathing by the time the kiss broke minutes later. She looked into his eyes and she saw a sexual intent so dark, it made her head swim.

"You'll need to get undressed," he told her plainly, his hands already reaching for his own tie.

Once again, Megan was too dazed to react for a couple of moments.

His eyes narrowed. "Strip off, Megan. Now."

Come here. Kiss me. Strip. Damn. Megan thought of all his gruffly-worded commands…And realized there was to be no doubt as to who was really in charge here.

She sprung into action, her fingers fumbling slightly with the buttons of her formal, feminine blouse. She pulled it out of her skirt and then shrugged it off her shoulders. Her confidence grew by the moment, especially when his eyes seemed to grow more hooded with desire as she exposed more of her body.

Megan when for the side zip of her skirt, her movements slower, more seductive. Soon she was stepping out of the skirt and neatly folded it to place over her equally folded blouse. His eyes…gosh they were filled with fire as he looked at her standing there in just her underwear.

"You're very beautiful," he said with husky approval. "In every way. But everything has to come off."

She knew that, of course. Dredging up as much nerve as she could muster, she reached behind her and unhooked her bra. Her large-sized breasts bounced free, and she heard the his hiss of breath, his eyes trained on them with obvious lust. Beneath his burning gaze, her chalk-shaped nipples started to harden and throb.

Next to go were her panties, and once she was naked before him, strangely she was no more self-conscious. Suddenly she felt comfortable in her skin and in the knowledge of her desirability.

His eyes were smoldering as he ripped off the last of his clothes. Megan wasn't surprised to find his body to be all sinewy lines and planes, his chest and abs spectacularly chiseled like a man who took great effort to be healthy and fit. Her eyes lingered on his groin, her breath catching at the sight of his thick, seven inch plus cock and huge, sexy balls. She swallowed, knowing now that there was no going back.

He seemed to smile at the famished look on her face as she regarded his naked body. And then he asked softly, "One thing I need to know, Megan… why did you decide to go along with this?"

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She paused, a small sensuous smile curving her lips as she finally looked up into his handsome face. "Well, because I go for what I want, too. And like you, I don't like to wait." With those words, she pulled up to him for another long, bone-melting kiss…

Chapter Five

She initiated the kiss and it was like triggering off an explosion. Right there in the middle of the room, he seized her tightly in his arms. Their mouths merged and ground against each other before parting, using only their tongues which met in a sweltering, moist tango.

His hands bunched into her hair, and soon she felt his lips break away as he began to shove her down towards his groin. Knowing what he wanted, she was on her knees in a flash and taking his cock in her mouth.

He was hard, and so hot and huge in her hands as she grasped his base. She stroked up firmly to his helmet which she was sucking on hungrily with her lips. He groaned, cupping the back of her head as slowly, she twirled her tongue around the tip of his shaft. He tugged back on her hair and her eyes lifted to hold his narrowed gaze, never shifting as she began to edge her lips down his massive girth.

Inch by inch she swallowed him, her mouth stretching wide as he grew thicker the farther she went. Once he hit the back of her throat, she pulled back, sucking hard and teasing the underside with her tongue. More deep sounds of pleasure echoed from his throat, and then he pumped his hips, suddenly beginning to fuck her face.

She moaned around his cock as he shoved it into her mouth causing her to gag at the force and depth of his thrusts. Her hands reached down to cup and play with his balls, till he withdrew and made her take them in his mouth. Saliva dribbled from her mouth even as she coated him with loads of it. She was now gripping his waist for balance as he face-fucked her faster, almost heedlessly. It was almost impossible to breathe but she loved the sensation of being choked on his man meat.

With a growl, he finally stopped and popped his dick out of her mouth. He drew her to her feet and then led her to a sturdy coffee table which was just

the right height for her to be spread wide for him to go down on her waiting pussy. She leaned back on the polished wood, clutching the edges as she saw his face disappear between her thighs. His hands reached up to cup her swaying breasts as he feasted on her sex.

Of their own accord, her hips danced up and down with delight as he nuzzled into her clit, his tongue flattening over her hood. Just knowing he was busy pleasuring her dripping cunt was enough to make her drip even faster. It was like her deepest fantasy come true.

He sucked hard on her clit, making her fill the room with her moans. With his fingers, he twisted hard on her nipples, pinching into them and causing electric volts of sweet agony to shoot straight through her.

“Oh my God,” she cried, her eyes rolling back with the forceful sensations rippling around her, engulfing her. When he took one hand off her breast and brought it to her pussy, she was powerless to keep from shuddering. His two fingers pierced her slit and started to pound in and out of her in time with the licks from his tongue. The bliss was almost unbearable.

Too much, Megan realized, as his fingers in her pussy, his expert tongue, and his hand on her tits brought her tumbling off the mountain peak. She cried out that she was coming, and the next thing, her juices spilled forth upon his tongue. Her whole body shook as he lapped up every drop, then he stood, and plunged into her still shivering pussy.

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Megan gasped, her eyes popping open at the sudden, unexpectedly full invasion. Her sensitive walls clenched and released upon the pole of a cock that was now buried deep inside her. He’d wasted no time in letting her recover from her shuddering climax. His hands linked her legs around his waist and he lifted her off the table into his arms.

Clutching his shoulders, Megan felt him grab the globes of her ass, then begin to bounce her up and down on his rock hard staff.

She felt weightless, nothing more than a rag doll in his powerful arms as he masterfully fucked her upon his cock. He did this standing for a full minute and then he backed her into the nearest wall. And then he really went in.

Megan couldn’t seem to stop her screams of pleasure which punctuated every thrust as he pounded her against the wall. Their lips were locked as tightly as their bodies and it was almost like they were fused into one. Again and again he shoved into her, rocking his hips in angles that had him aiming

for her g-spot and hitting it every time.

She tried as hard as she could to hold it back but it was there, waiting at the brink: her orgasm. For the second time in barely an hour she was going to be slammed into by another ballistic climax.

It was hard, fast and hot: he was like a piston, moving with speed, precision and almost mindless force. Her vaginal walls screeched at being so ravaged but she could not deny she loved every second. And when he ramped up his thrusts even more so that they blurred into each other, Megan finally surrendered. Crying out against his lips, she came, her fingers digging into the skin of his back as her body convulsed helplessly.

Even in her wild state, she could sense that his own release had galloped in not far behind. He buried his face in her neck, sucking on her flesh strongly as he growled deep in his throat. He pinned her harder against the wall, his body arching into hers as the last tremors shook them both. They were both bathed in sweat and Megan knew she'd need a shower and probably even a stretcher to help her get back to work…

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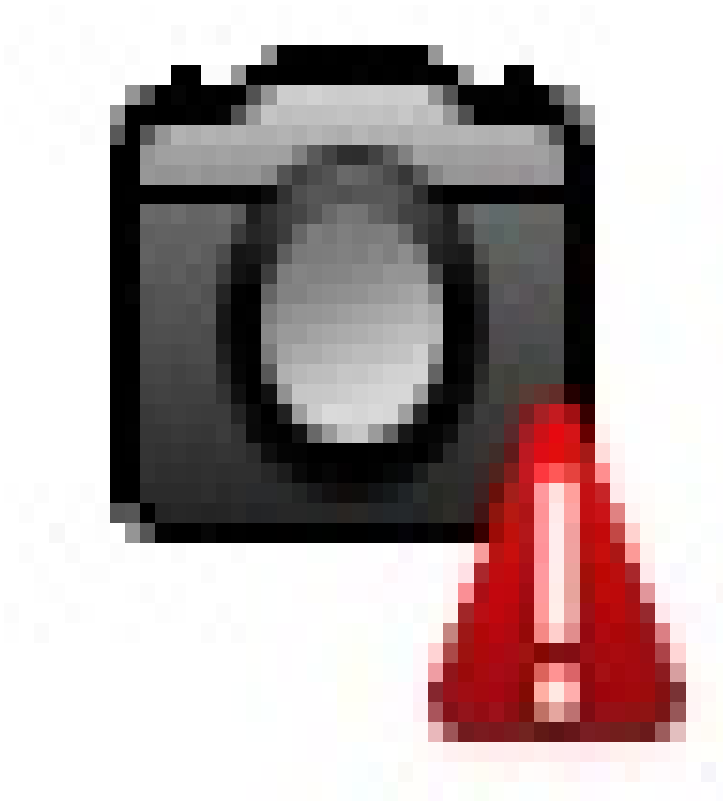
Megan woke up with a start, blinking her eyes at the clock at the side of her bed. Thursday, 6.30 am.

She sprung from the pillows; her body soaked in perspiration as she realized it had all been a wild, raunchy dream.

She suddenly remembered that today was the day for her meeting with Heath Mayer, and she smiled dreamily. How crazy would it be, she mused, if she met her CEO for that business lunch and he ended up propositioning her, like in her dream? She decided she'd better wear her favorite lacy underwear today, just in case…

Turn the page for more books

By Lucia Jordan!



‘Bounds Of Passion’ is the first book in the exciting new ‘Bound’ series by Lucia Jordan

Lydia Westwood has the libido that can’t be calmed, and no one can satisfy her. Frustrated with the lack of pleasure she gets from her men, Lydia turns to the world of BDSM, and meets the handsome and mysterious Jack Riding, whose skills and expertise might just give Lydia the orgasm she’s craving, but at what cost?

See next page for a preview!

Preview

Jack Riding continued his assault on Lydia's clitoris and she cried out as her pleasure mounted. As she began to twitch with the start of an orgasmic wave, he let the riding crop fall and leaned over her naked back to whisper in her ear.

"Why did you join the website?"

"Because," she gasped. "Because no man has ever been able to make me come before he does when fucking me," she turned her head slightly. "Can you do it?"

"I can't promise anything," Jack replied with a smile. "Now, head down," he pushed her dark locks over her face and took a hold of her hips. "I like a challenge," he added, touching just the tip of his cock to her wetness. She tried to back into him and received a slap on her backside for her trouble. "Keep still," he snapped, and she fought to relax her limbs. Her legs, splayed apart with the restraint revealing and displaying their hidden treasures, which Jack pressed minutely against.

Lydia felt the amazingness of having a lover just touching her – resting his hot, pink glans against her entrance, but not actively seeking it. Her wetness mixed with Jack's pre-cum and they seemed to be joined in the heat of the moment.

Then, with barely any thrusting at all, Jack pressed inside her, slowly entering her passage, whilst all the time stroking her clitoris, gently, gently. Heat radiated all over Lydia's flesh and she felt the wounds Jack had given her glow with a strange mix of pleasure and pain, heightened by this welcome intrusion into her sex. She felt the glowing head of his cock pushing her sex open – making way for the long, thick shaft behind it. She felt, more keenly than before, the way her sex rippled and fluttered over the man's cock, tasting and touching every time morsel of it. It was more intimate than she had ever felt before.

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